

Our country is young, let us early instil
Deep into the minds of the youthful and fair,
The greatness of virtue, uprightness and will,
And the poet will help you to 'stablish them there.

Be it his to proclaim, e'en tho' rudely, in measure,
The rights of his country, her honour, renown ;
To sing of whatever his people may treasure,
In court or in camp, in the country or town.

MAN AND HIS PLEASURES.

'Tis not with glad fruition crown'd,
We always feel our greatest joy ;
For pleasure often dwells around
The heart that hopes, and knows no cloy.

We wait, we watch, we think, we plan
To catch the pleasure ere it flies,
But when 'tis caught, for which we ran,
It often droops, perchance, it dies.

In truth the non-possession oft'
Creates the chief, the only charm,
Of that, which, once obtain'd, is scoff'd,
And oft' receiv'd with vex'd alarm.

The mind of man is strange and deep,
Deceiving others and himself ;
Its wiles would make an angel weep,
In strife for praise, for power and pelf.

Strange mixture of the good and ill,
He strives continually to bend
Those qualities, with wondrous skill,
To meet in one, which never blend.